

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

BY O. N. WORDEN & J. R. CORNELIUS.
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Building Upon the Sand.

BY EDNA COLE.

The well is deep, 'tis well to woo,
For so the world has done.
Since myrtle's green, and roses blue,
And smiling brought the sun.
But, have a care, ye young and fair,
Be sure ye pledge with truth;
Be certain that your love will wear
Beyond the days of youth.
For, if ye give not heart for heart,
As well as hand for hand,
You'll find you've played the "unwise" part,
And "built upon the sand."
'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have
A goodly store of gold,
And hold enough of shining stuff,
For charity is cold.
But pile not all your hopes and trust
In what the deep mine brings;
We can not live on yellow dust,
Unmated with purer things.
And he who piles up wealth, alone,
Will often have to stand
Beside his colder chest and own
'Tis "built upon the sand."
'Tis good to speak in kindly guise,
And soothe whatever we can;
For speech should bind the human mind,
And love link man to man.
But stay not at the gentle words,
Let deeds with language dwell;
The one who pines for stony words,
Should rather strive as well.
The mercy that is warm and true,
Must lead a helping hand,
For those who talk, yet fail to do,
But "build upon the sand."

THE CHRONICLE.

MONDAY, JUNE 7, 1858.

(Correspondence of the Lewisburg Chronicle.)

M'HENRY CO., ILL., May 30, 1858.

A too strong attachment to the land of our nativity is a kind of monomania, crippling the enterprise of youth. There are many in the Eastern States who know comparatively nothing of the West. True, they may have gathered much from reading and from conversation, but they do not, can not comprehend its rapid growth, the beauty of its prairies, the salubrity of its climate, and the many cities, towns, and villages that have sprung up as if by magic. Even those of us who have grown up with the country, are astonished at the rapid growth of Northern Illinois. When I look back to the time when my father brought us here (1837) when all was in a state of nature, I can hardly realize the facts as they present themselves. I well remember riding over one of our prairies with a friend, and making the remark to him, that it might all be settled, some time, but not in our day and generation: the same tract is now under good cultivation, with substantial brick dwellings thereon.

We have had rain here all this month, with fair prospects for more. Business of all kinds is dull—money scarce—and grain low. Many of our farmers have their last crops of wheat on hand—will not sell at the low figures. Potatoes can be bought for 10 cents per bushel, oats for 20 cents, and corn 16 to 20 cents per bushel in the ear. Yours &c.

Glorious Enterprise, and Perpetual Contract Procured.

MESSRS. EDITORS—I congratulate you with the cheerful news of the perpetual contract which Messrs. BAUM, SMITH & Co. have made, to saw, at their new saw-mill in New Berlin, plank to build all the new Democratic platforms for years to come. It is agreed that they shall write to all the office holders in the United States for instructions. It is the wish of old Buck & Bill to have them built with a kind of sliding scale attached to each, and that they be fastened on a strong pivot, so that it can be turned several times in a year and especially at election times. They should have at least one half dozen platforms on hand at all times, to suit the different sections of the country, just as the office holders find it necessary to humbug the common people. Bill's plan is that the leaders of the party shall contend for one thing but mean the contrary. For instance, if they contend to oppose the sale of the public works, why, they wish to have them sold. If they talk against Lecomptonism, still, they support the Lecompton party. Thus they built so as to humbug the common people in regard to "hard money." When the charter of the United States Bank was vetoed, the leaders of the party told us, in public meetings, that, in a few years, they would have gold and silver plenty, and that paper money would not be needed any more: they generally had a few pieces of coin, as a seducer, which they called the "Henton mindrops." This took like hot cakes with the people, who have been looking from year to year to see these yellow boys, but all hopes were vain. They also opposed all the State Banks, and passed Resolutions at public meetings to veto against any candidate who would not pledge himself to oppose the charter of any new Bank. The tune has now changed. Instead of having plenty of hard coin, Old Buck has now issued millions of dollars which we might call shipplasters, and our young State Billy's plan now holds good to oppose Banks before the people, but whenever the Legislature is in session they will aid to get banks chartered to suit every Demo-

crat in the State, and work them in as

officers of the several banks. For a specimen, take the Shamokin Bank. As another humbug in these platforms, look at the tariff. In 1844, the Democrats had on their banners, "James K. Polk and the Tariff of 1842....we dare the Whigs to repeal it." Polk was elected, (Old Buck his chief cabinet officer,) and the tariff repealed, our manufactures crippled and destroyed, the result of which was that the goods were brought from foreign countries and hundreds of millions of dollars of our hard coin was sent away. This has brought about the present lamentable calamity which hangs over our country and by which hundreds and thousands of families have been thrown out of employment. This platform must also be built to tell the people that something else is the cause of it. It now must be built to suit the South and blindfold the North. If this cannot be done, it is generally believed that whenever Old Buck will get hold of it that he will throw it down and break it as Moses broke the commandments on the table of stone. The platform also must contend that territories of our country shall have the full and free right to form their own government, and that the majority shall rule—unless (as afterwards explained) it pleases Old Buck and the South to withhold that right. This all must be put under the cloak of Democracy, and if any of the party should not be satisfied with any part of the platform, they must be told by the leaders that it is Democratic, which is sufficient to satisfy many of the party, who will throw up their hats and cry out, hurrah for Democracy!

A TALE OBSERVED FOR THE LAST 20 YEARS.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

The foremost subject of interest, now, is the slave trade; its actual extent, not less than its proposed revival. The movements in Congress, or in the Senate rather, denouncing British aggressions, have occurred as natural incidents. It is due to everything of character and dignity belonging to us as a nation, to review the ground on which we stand in this respect, and to preserve the original attitude taken by this government when it declared the slave trade piracy, and entered upon systematic, costly, and persistent efforts for its suppression.

The leading facts in regard to the slave trade, as it is, are first, that, with the connivance of the authorities in Cuba, it was in great vigor, and enjoyed a flourishing business during the year 1857; a degree of activity scarcely less than it had in its palmiest days. The Spanish officials of these parts are fiercely hostile to cruisers of every nation near them whose presence may prevent a landing and curtail their profits. The coast of Cuba swarms with slavers, and they are as numerous now as they were when the slave trade was permitted by all nations, previous to 1808.

The next great point is, that these vessels are mainly American built, and attempt to sail under American colors. Twenty-eight vessels, of American build, sailing under our flag, and manned by a share of Americans, were captured on the coast of Africa by British Cruisers, in the quarter closing with October last. All these hailed from, and were to return to, the coast of Cuba. The failure of our own armament of eighty guns on the coast of Africa to capture any of the hundreds of slavers resorting there, is understood to mean that they have nothing to fear and everything to gain by the purchase and employment of American vessels. The principal amount of capital employed is now owned at New York, and from that city a number of vessels are every year fitted out and despatched in this lucrative trade. The Custom House authorities there have sometimes detected and stopped these outfits, but none have finally suffered the penalties of the law, some look or crook enabling both capitalist and commanding officer to escape. Even where a schooner is engaged in the regular West India trade, a sale and outfit in Cuba is an easy thing, and rather than lose a voyage, or return to the north with an empty and not very valuable vessel, the sharp skipper prefers to sell out for gold, and the honest looking craft heads for the coast of Africa.

Lastly, half a dozen of the extreme southern States, constantly and half frantically discuss the revival of the slave trade. A number of their presses and orators advocate it without stint, and indeed a large portion of the late "Commercial" Convention could think of no other mode of recuperating the South. The Delta's huge inventions in regard to cargoes already landed at Pearl river, are intended to pave the way for facts of profitable shipments of the same sort, and to this hour no small portion of the public is at a loss to know whether these asserted landings in Mississippi are realities or fictions. The whole tone of public sentiment at the South has taken of the edge of censure on the trade already, and a captain who had beaten a British or American cruiser on the African or Cuban coast, and brought his six hundred negroes to any market of the vicinity, would be welcomed as a daring and praiseworthy specimen of energy.

The Senate will do well to look these great facts in the face. They constitute a broad and deeply marked departure from the tone of public feeling which should exist, if the United States are not retrograding. The slave trade is a hideous form of piracy, and its prosecutors would capture a rich merchant ship as quickly, if they dared, as they would ship a barracoon of negroes in Guinea. The declaration of this government, half a century since, was not a makeshift sentimentality, and a thing from which we may return to the piratical times of a half a century still earlier. We have a duty to discharge, wholly independent of England, and one from which no real or asserted insolence by British officers can excuse us. What has our squadron of eighty guns done for fifteen years past in this suppression? How many of the hundreds of cargoes landed in the West Indies has it captured, or even seen? What force do we employ to-day in detaching the innumerable transformation of American vessels, built for regular commerce, and for a time engaged in legitimate West India trade, into slavers—one half of which the British capture and condemn, but the other half arrive safely with the negroes, making profits amply sufficient to repay every loss?

The country has a conscience and a duty in regard to this trade, wholly independent of the British. This gigantic piracy is not a thing of which our hands are quite washed. When the port of New York ceases to fit out slave ships, and when our African squadron has a capture or two to report, we may make a beginning in the work. How new the Senate may better look well to the assumed facts reported by outraged Spanish officials, who fear a cessation of rich subsidies, and by outraged New Yorkers, who have seen their ships likely to be questioned in the very ports of Cuba, where, heretofore, the business has had a latitude and indulgence which even the Delta might envy. The slave trade is in the full tide of successful operation, and powerful interests are pushing for its practical increase, until it shall have entire immunity in the *mare clausum* which they hope to make of the West Indian seas. If these facts do not constitute a dark and discouraging feature of the times, we can hardly conceive of facts which would.—North American.

Important from Kansas.

More Ten-Starry Markers—Five Free State Men Killed in Cold Blood, and Five Others Wounded.

(From the Lawrence Republican—Extra.)

[LAWRENCE, May 23—19 A. M.—We hasten to lay before our readers the following communication just received from a gentleman whose character for veracity is unimpeachable.]

MONROE, LINN CO., May 20, 1858.

Yesterday, a party of pro-slavery men from Missouri came into the "Trading Post," situated on the military road leading from Fort Scott to Fort Leavenworth where it crosses the Osage river, about three miles from the State line. They were not ten till they emerged from the timber, and rode up to the store. Here they took Mr. G. W. Andrews and John F. Campbell, prisoners. They then started on the road towards Kansas City. They overtook here a Mr. Stillwell, from Sugar Mound, who was going up to the river for a load of provisions. They took him prisoner, and ordered the other to get into his wagon and ride. In a half mile further, they came to a missionary by the name of Rev. Charles Read. They ordered him into the wagon and dismissed Andrews. They continued on for two miles and a half, when they had taken twelve men. These men had been taken when at their work, without resistance, and unarmed, and had never been implicated in the troubles in Kansas. They were conversative.

On arriving at a deep ravine, in a skirt of timber, the commander called a halt. The prisoners were formed into line, about fifty yards in advance of the horsemen. The command was given to "present arms! fire!" Every man dropped. Four were killed dead! all but one of the others were badly wounded. The ruffians then wheeled their horses and galloped off. In a few minutes three of them returned and searched their victims for money. They kicked the men, and rolled them over very roughly to see if they were dead. Finding one only slightly wounded, a ruffian put a revolver to his ear, and fired, remarking that he had always found that the most certain shot he could make. He took the key of the safe out of Campbell's pocket, saying "there was money in that safe, and he would come back some night and get it."

The names of the killed are William Stillwell, of Sugar Mound, recently from Iowa. He is a young man, and has a young and beautiful wife, and two young children. He felt perfectly safe, remarking to a companion that "he was a Free Mason;" and it is said that a Free Mason, Dr. Hamilton, of Fort Scott, shot him. He was killed with a double-barreled shot gun, loaded with pistol balls, the charge entering his left breast. He was highly esteemed in this neighborhood, and his death will be avenged.

Patrick Ross was an Irishman, and had been driven from his claim on the little Osage by the same gang. Mr. Colpetzer was a farmer from Penn. Michael Robinson the same, from Iowa. John F. Campbell, a store-keeper, from Pennsylvania. He was a young man, highly esteemed, and had no family. The wounded are William Hargrove and his brother Asa Hargrove, formerly of Georgia, who came here to live in a free State. This is the head and front of their offending. Also Rev. Charles Read, a Baptist preacher from Wisconsin, who moved into that place a week ago. He was badly wounded, and crept into the woods, and was not found till morning. Amos Hall, who was not hurt, but fell from prudential reasons. Charles Snyder was slightly hurt in the neck and back. The ruffian band was led by Brockett, of Fort Scott, and accompanied by Dr. Hamilton and others of that place, who have made themselves notorious for two years past. There were twenty five in all, and they were well acquainted with the men whom they killed, excepting Stillwell. Eight of them lived in Kansas, and seventeen in Missouri. Most of these seventeen lived in and around Westport. This place was the Border-Ruffian headquarters in 1856, having a blue lodge, and being the rendezvous of the Southern army of invasion under Gen. Clark, and the secret chamber of the "Council of Ten," who decided the fate of prisoners, and of settlers during that gloomy year.

The murders were committed yesterday at one o'clock. The news spread like wildfire over the country, and before midnight three hundred armed men had assembled at the trading post. Scouts were sent into Missouri, but no clue could be found of their retreat. Most of the people in the State condemned the act, and were willing we should take them, if we could. It is supposed the ruffians are at Westport, and our men are marching on that place, with the intention of taking them—peaceably if we can, and forcibly if we must. Capt. Montgomery and his men are here. The other citizens, generally, are not organized. There are no arms in the country except sporting guns, and not half of the men have those. Brig. Gen. McDaniel is with the company, but having no military knowledge, he does not attempt any organization or discipline. The men, however, being determined to fight, will go on whether they have officers or not.

R. B. Mitchell is taking an honorable part, and is aiding Gen. McDaniel.

Drs. Banford and Weaver attended the wounded men.

The ruffians swear there shall be no crops raised in Linn county this year, so you will see the necessity of sending us some arms. Crowds of men assembled, who could not go for want of them. The old men were on hand to steady the boys, for it was to come, that that ever man must fight or run. I noticed Mr. Watters, Rev. Mr. Addis, Mr. Arthur, and several others of the old citizen and old men. A few of the timid may leave, but the general feeling is life or death in Kansas.

We learn from a copy (sent us by a friend) of the Minutes of the Wyoming M. E. Conference, held in Pittston last month, that John J. Pearce is appointed to the pastoral charge of the Oswego church; P. S. Worden, chaplain, agent and professor of intellectual science in the Susquehanna Seminary, Binghamton; and Mrs. S. G. Worden, preceptress. A total of 12,351 members and 3,471 probationers, is reported, with 888 adult and 217 infant baptisms the past year. The resolutions on Slavery were of the most full and decided character, and would have met the most hearty Amen! of John Wesley himself. We copy two of them:

"Resolved, That slavery in the abstract, and in every concrete form in which it has been found in our country under that name, is sinful, and no genuine Christian can be justified in holding a slave as property. That it is wrong to allow the plea of merciful slaveholding among Christians, and that wicked oppressors will overlook the motive, and use the fact as a justification of their vile practices.

"Resolved, That the periodical literature of the Church should give its most efficient aid to the cause of emancipation and human liberty, and should educate the popular mind to despise and expose every effort to extend slavery one inch beyond its present limits. To this end we pledge our cordial sympathies and support to those brethren, having the charge of our religious periodicals, who are bold and faithful in the anti-slavery cause.

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF.—One of the tax collectors of California says that he found a Norwegian in El Dorado county, who made oath that his sole earthly taxable effects were a church and a school house. This singular individual is a poor miner, and has built the above mentioned establishments with his own hands, without aid from any one. His church is free for the use of any sect of religionists, except Mormons and Universalists. He has a mining claim which he has worked for five years; and whenever his diggings will average more than two dollars a day, he will go out into the high-ways, and coax some poor fellow to share the profits of his labors.

Mary Maloney's Idea of a Lover.

"What are you singing for?" said I to Mary Maloney.

"Oh, I don't know, ma'am, without it's because my heart feels happy."

"Happy, are you, Mary Maloney? Let me see; you don't own a foot of land in the world?"

"Foot of land, is it?" she cried, with a hearty Irish laugh. "Oh, what a hand ye be for joking; why, I haven't a penny, let alone the land."

"Your mother is dead?"

"God rest her soul!" replied Mary, with a touch of genuine pathos, "may the angels make her bed in heaven."

"Your brother is still a hard case, I suppose?"

"Ah, you may well say that. It's nothing but drink, drink, drink, and lating his poor wife, that she is—the creature."

"You have to pay your little sister's board?"

"Sure the hit crater, and she's a good little girl is Henny, willing to do whatever I axes her. I don't grudge the money that goes for that."

"You haven't many fashionable dresses, either, Mary Maloney?"

"Fashionable is it? O, yes, I put a piece of whalebone in my skirt, and me calico gown looks as big as the great ladies'. But, thin, ye says true; I hasn't but two gowns on me back, two shoes on me feet, and one bonnet on me head, barring the old hood ye gave me."

"You haven't any lover, Mary?"

"O, be off wid ye—ketch Mary Maloney getting a lover these days, when the hard times is come. No, no, thank Heaven I ain't got that to trouble me yet—nor I don't want it."

"What on earth, then, have you got to make you happy? A drunken brother, a poor helpless sister, no mother, no father, no lover; why, where do you get all your happiness from?"

"The Lord be praised, Miss, it growed up in me. Give me a bit of sunshine, a clean flare, plenty of work, and a sup at the right time, and I'm made. That makes me laugh, and sing; and thin, if deep trouble comes, why—God helpin me, I'll try to keep my heart up. Sure it would be a sad thing if Patrick Maloney should take it into his head to come and axe me; but, the Lord willin' I'd try to bear up under it."

The last speech upset my gravity. The idea of looking upon a lover as an affliction, was so dull! But she was evidently sincere, having before her the example of her sister's husband and her drunken brother.

The New York Central Park.

This magnificent improvement for the health and pleasure of all the people of the great American emporium, will cost perhaps eight or ten millions of dollars, and require several years for its completion. Manhattan island is 13 1/2 miles long from north to south, and about 3 miles across at the widest point. The South end of the Park is 5 miles from the Battery or south end of the city. The Park is to be 1 mile wide, and 2 1/2 miles long, covering 47 blocks, running from 50th to 106th streets. There are to be five wide ground passages to connect the east and west sides of the city. Upon the Park itself are native irregularities and forest trees to be left pretty much as they stand, and play and parade grounds, lakes, reservoirs, a tower and arboreum of foreign and other shades to be added, with walks and carriage drives in all directions. The Park will thus be situated just about in the middle of the island, and occupy one-eighth of its surface, equivalent to seven 100 acre farms out of about 13,000 acres.

SUICIDE OF A YOUNG MARRIED WOMAN—JEALOUSY THE CAUSE.—A YOUNG GERMAN WOMAN, named Sophia Messmann, committed suicide on Tuesday night, at her residence, No. 162 Delancy street, by taking arsenic. It appears that for some time past her husband had spent most of his time at lager-bier saloons, and this made her very unhappy. On Tuesday evening she went to one of these places, and finding him there requested him to go home with her. He refused, and she went to her house and swallowed a large dose of arsenic. As soon as her condition was discovered a physician was procured, but his efforts to save her were unavailing. Coroner Perry on Wednesday held an inquest upon the body, and a verdict of "suicide" was rendered by the jury. Deceased was 19 years of age, and leaves two children.

A Letter from a young friend on his way to Kansas, written on a steamboat on the Missouri, May 16, 1858.

"Emigrants are pouring into Kansas by thousands. Steamboats can not be made long and large enough to carry all that apply for passage. This boat refused more than two hundred yesterday, and still they come. Six boats per day leave St. Louis, with an average of two hundred passengers each, for Kansas and Nebraska."

—We have similar advices through other channels. Kansas and Missouri seem to be taking the lead in this year's emigration.

To Repel Bugs from Vines.

Gardeners will find this "leafy Juice," a busy season, and not an unimportant part of their work will be keeping bugs off from the cucumber, melon, squash and similar plants. We therefore detail several modes of fighting this enemy.

A decoction of tobacco and red pepper, sprinkled on the leaves of the young plants, will repel the bugs. Even the pepper-tea alone will be too strong for all that have weak stomachs. A mixture of two quarts flour and black pepper, dusted on the vines while wet with the dew, answers as a partial protection at least.

Open boxes, six inches high and a foot and a half square, set over the young plants, will answer a good purpose; or a cheap and convenient protector may be made of birch-bark, paste board, or what is still better, old flour-oil-cloth, pegged down. They may be six or eight inches high, and of any desired size. Where the two ends meet, it is well to tack them to one of the pegs. Place them around the hills as soon as the plants begin to break ground, banking up so that no bugs will work under them. Very few of the insect tribe will go over them. Bugs do not appear to be skilled in fence-climbing. Simply standing bricks on edge around the plants usually keeps them out.

Liquid manure, made from hen-dung and left to ferment, will drive off bugs by its offensive smell. Two shovelfuls of hen droppings to four gallons of water will make it of the desired strength. A half pint of this liquid scattered over each hill, on every alternate day, will repel the bugs, and give the plants a vigorous growth.

A neighbor of ours says he has treated his bug-visitors, for twenty years past, to a pinch or two of good Scotch Snuff; they think this is something to be sneezed at, and therefore leave in disgust.—American Agriculturist.

Farmers' Scrap Books.

F. T. R., of Ottawa Co., Ill., writing to the Agriculturist, adds the following note containing an oft repeated, but none the less valuable suggestion: "Persons very often meet with items of valuable information in our newspapers that they do not keep on file. If all these scraps were cut and laid carefully away, and when a sufficient number were collected (say once a month) were neatly pasted into a blank book, alphabetically arranged, they would, in a short time, form a valuable fund of information for future reference. In this way an Agriculturist Scrap Book or a Housekeeper's Scrap Book might be made that would be in constant demand for recipes and other information, besides furnishing pleasant occupation for leisure hours."

Use of Lime.

This article may be used in several ways, very advantageously, just now. Scatter it around your cess-pools and kitchen drains, and over the floor of your cellar, where vegetables have been stored. It is a powerful disinfectant, to prevent unclean and unwholesome odors. Use it liberally, also, as a whitewash. Have your old buildings not worth a coat of paint, fences, sheds, hen-houses, and granaries in the same condition? Give them a dressing of whitewash. And don't forget the inside walls of your cellar. Nothing will make the air below stairs so sweet and healthy as this.

To Kill Burdocks.

There are many ways to exterminate this pest, but the following is highly recommended: Let the plants grow until mid-summer, when the stalks and leaves are full of sap. Then cut off the roots with a strong, sharp spade, two or three inches below ground, pluck off the plant with a smart pull, and stamp the ground firmly over the remaining stump. It will seldom sprout again; but if it does, it will be in so weak a state that another application of the spade will end the matter.—American Agriculturist.

CUTTING TIMBER FOR POSTS.—E. Haines, of N. J., gives us the details of an experiment in setting posts. These cut in June and set green lasted fifteen years and over. Those set dry only lasted five. The time in which the dry posts were cut is not stated. It was probably in Spring before the leaves started. We regard the mid-summer, as the best time, to cut timber for posts. The bottoms should be charred upon the outside. They should stand in the ground the end downwards. The charring should extend a little above the surface of the ground.

S. A. P., of Carroll Co., Ind., writes:

It may not be generally known that good pies and tarts can be obtained by cutting your surplus pie plant into small bits and drying them for winter use. For use, soak them, and then stew them like dried apples. They are nearly as good as when fresh.

CLIPPING STRAWBERRY RUNNERS.—B. F. Reed, Calhoun Co., Mich., Strawberry, for bearing alone, do better by having the runners clipped. Keep them short by placing back once a week during the growth of runners.

Pruning Trees.

June and July are good months for removing large limbs from fruit and shade trees. The sap is now in a right condition to form new wood, and the healing process commences at once. The foliage also serves as a shade to prevent sun checks in the wounded parts, although where large branches are taken from fruit trees it is better to coat the exposed portions with the solution mentioned below.

The tools for pruning: first—a sharp, finely set saw, nearly pointed at the end, that it may enter between closely growing limbs. Neither should it be a "backed" saw, but like the common board-saw used by the joiners. Second—a hand latched, like a small axe, easily used by one hand. Third—a stout pruning knife; and each of them sharp. Then, a step-ladder, easily carried in the hand, or on the shoulder. Of course we give no directions as to what particular branches are to be cut off, as the tree or shrub is not before us, presuming also that the pruner understands his business.

As to the mode or manner of doing the work, let every branch be cut close to the body of the tree, or main branch from which it is taken, and then pared close and smooth, for the wound rapidly to heal over. If a choice tree, a solution of gum shellac dissolved in pure alcohol to the consistency of cream, should be laid upon it with a paint brush, to exclude the air, and prevent the exposed wood from sun-cracking.

Pruning, in general, is not half enough regarded by trees and shrub growers. A shade tree develops half its beauty, and growth, by good pruning. Forest trees, where it is any object to do so, are all the better for it; and every fruit-grower knows, or ought to know, that he can get no perfect fruit, nor full crops, without special attention to its practice; while every fruitist will tell you that to obtain the finest flowers, and the highest perfection of bloom, the nicest attention should be given to pruning out and properly adjusting the spray of the plant.—American Agriculturist.

The Editors of the Columbia Democrat and of the Louisville Courier Intelligencer.

Messrs. Montgomery, Chapman, and Hickman, who voted against Lecompton, as "secessionists." These men are beyond question the three ablest men of the Pennsylvania Democratic Delegation in Congress, and when, in addition, it is admitted that their moral character is without reproach, the absurdity, to say nothing of the contemptibility, of such a remark, must be apparent. These men have represented the great majority of their constituents. But there can be no limit to tradition, that insulates the doctrine that Members of Congress should be mere tools in the hands of the President, and pay no regard to the voice of their constituents.—Savannah American.

WASHINGTON, May 26, 1858.—It is shown by the evidence before the House Select Committee, appointed to examine the accounts of late Doorkeepers of that body, that a regular and profitable business has been carried on in Washington for years by old bookkeepers in Congressional documents intended for gratuitous distribution among the people. The documents are purchased fresh from the press. As an instance of the abuses, the Committee say that the Patent Office report, costing the Government 60 cents for 10 cents a volume, and that this could not be done but for the culpable negligence or misapplication of documents by members.

Henry Hertz, an intelligent German, for many years a firm, unwavering Democrat, has resigned his position as Vice President of the German Democratic Association of Philadelphia. Mr. Hertz, like all good citizens, has no doubt become dissatisfied with the political chicanery of the times, and has resolved to be free. He, and all other men of intelligence like him, know that there would be no use of Germans coming here and going out to the Great West to till the ground, unless slave labor is entirely abandoned in that great area of country.

RESULTS OF ADVERTISING.—The Buffalo Republic furnishes the following capital illustration of the benefits of advertising last property:

The other day, a man had a pocket-book containing valuable in all amounting to \$5,000. He immediately put an advertisement in the Republic, and on the very day of its appearance his wife discovered the pocket-book in his "other pants," which he had left at home for repairs.

She "read the papers," and took the reward!

FIGHTING INTO A RUM CASK.—A strong-minded and very powerful woman at Smyrna, Delaware, recently flung a fellow very severely, on the piazza hotel, for seducing her husband to the tavern, where the pair would indulge too freely. She then offered her arm to her husband and conducted him home.

WHO EATS FORTY?—Dr. Allen Clarke says that a hog was cured under the old law, and never received a whipping under the new.